

Obituary.

PROFESSOR COPEMAN, V. S., NEW YORK.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Professor Arthur S. Copeman, the distinguished veterinary surgeon of New York, who committed suicide at his residence in West Thirty-seventh street, by shooting himself with a Colt's revolver, while suffering from temporary aberration of mind, consequent on ill health. For several years he was connected with The Spirit of the Times as Veterinary Editor, and thousands of its readers have profited by his extensive professional acquirements and vast experience. His practice was large, and in its pursuit he realised a large fortune. About twelve months ago, in accordance with the advice of his physician, he severed his connection with The Spirit, and gave up his practice, for the purpose of taking a trip to Europe, to recuperate his health; he having complained, for some time previously of nervous headaches and neuralgia. He called at the office of The Spirit on his return, some six weeks ago, and stated that he had derived great benefit from his trip. He resumed the practice of his profession, but his mental equilibrium was not fully restored, and he died the victim of his own hand. Kind and courteous in demeanor, warm hearted and generous to a fault, he leaves many to mourn his untimely end.

THE DEMONIC FEROACITY OF THE OCTOPUS.

A lobster and octopus battle is certain a novelty in the way of animal combats, but such a fight actually occurred in the Naples arena. A lobster giant, who had previously exhibited his powers in crushing with his great pincher claws the skull of a turtle as easily as if the reptile had been a nut was introduced into the happy family circles in the octopus tank at London. Immediately, the largest octopus gave battle to the crustacean; the lobster, early in the fight, seizing one of the soft, pliant arms of his opponent in his claws; the octopus managing however, after a time, to withdraw the captured member. Day by day the combat dragged out its weary length, sometimes one side being temporarily victorious—as when the lobster lost a large claw—and sometimes the other. At last the combatants were separated, the lobster being placed in a new and unappropriated domain in an adjoining tank.

Now comes the strangest part of the history; for the octopus, as if seized with the passion which, if exhibited in humanity, we should term one of "dire revenge," climbed over the partition separating the tanks, seeking his enemy, and having found him proceeded to wage war anew. The result was most disastrous to the crustacean, for the octopus was found, we are told, with the lobster in his clutches, literally torn into halves. Thus to natural ferocity, we find the octopus unites immense agility and stolid persistence. The same cuttle fish extended so sympathy to his own species; for when two others—in addition to the two who had from the first been his companions—were introduced into his tank, he chased them from the water, and forced them to take refuge on the dry docks above. Another octopus, in a British aquarium, pulled out the plug of his tank and brought death on himself and all his companions in a single night.

ONE COW A MINE OF WEALTH.

The history of the shorthorn cow, Duchess 66th, which was sold in 1858, at Earl Ducie's sale, in England, to Col. Morris of Fordham, for 700 guineas, or \$9,675, is remarkable as showing the actual value of one good breeding animal. From this cow, which was calved in November, 1850, there may be traced in direct descent a number of animals which have sold for about \$1,000,000. Let it be admitted that as much of this value as may be depending on fancy or rich blood, and is not the intrinsic value of the beef and milk produced; yet no one can help admitting that an immense value, estimated in these alone, has accrued to the world from this cow; and in proportion to this value may be estimated the profit to a breeder from any superior animal he may produce. A line of breeding animals is brought into existence which spreads out fan-like, and diverges year by year, wider and wider, until we can no longer reach the bounds of the beneficial influence. It is in this that lies the value of any good animal, and it is an unfair disparagement to confine its value to the weight of meat upon its carcass, or its produce in milk and butter. The breeder who produces a superior animal sets in motion an impulse which must in time

WHAT A BULL'S-EYE SHOT MEANS.

There are plenty of accidental disturbances. If the wind be blowing down the range the bullet is lifted along, and with a flatter trajectory or greater speed, would slip over the top of the target. Down comes the elevations ten, twenty or thirty inches, and bull's-eyes are made. If the wind is varying, each shot must be fired from the lesson of the last and the changes in the meantime. If the wind be blowing up the range the bullets are retarded and drop to the ground before the target. In the case of a left-side wind, the sight is right or left to throw the muzzle of the rifle against the wind. The grooving of the rifle may give the swift, revolving leaden bolts a natural "drift" to the right. This is a permanent variation, and may be corrected; but the wind rises and falls, and to gauge it a vernier similar to that on the near upright sight permits a lateral motion. One one-hundredth here corresponds to a change of twenty inches on the target, and it is no unfrequent thing to have the marksmen using fifteen "points of wind," or, in other words, actually pointing the muzzle of the gun 25 or more feet away from the bull's-eye. Given a "fish-tail" wind partly up or down the range and partly across, and variable in strength as well, and some idea may be gotten of the perplexity which surrounds a good judge of wind. Some days the pressure of the air is greater than others, and this must be allowed for. A hot sun pouring down upon a damp range raises a shimmer of mist which gives the whole target a dancing look, precisely as one would see an object across a room when looking over a hot stove. This is perplexing. The variations of light and shade seem to lift or depress the target centre. Heat and cold affect the gun metal and depress or elevate the flying bullet. But before all those matters are attended to, the rifleman must be sure of his weapon, confident of its accuracy; his powder must possess the same strength each and every day, and from charge to charge the bullets must be without air holes, without dent or scratch, of the same hardness of metal, and accurately shaped. The rifle must be uniformly clean from shot to shot. And then, when the mark has mastered all these items, and can hold his rifle true to the little bubble of the spirit gauge that rests across the barrel between the front and rear sights; can hold it with a vise-like grasp, can repress for a moment all motion and hold his head steady as a rock, and pull off the three pound resistance of the trigger, and care not at all for the 200-pound kick which the rifle gives, then, if he has not misjudged in any particular, he may hope to see the rising of the white disk over the black bull's face.

EQUINE OBITUARY.

SALLY CHORISTER.

This famous brood mare, sired by Mambrino Chorister, dam by Blood's Black Hawk, and second dam by Brown Pilot, was recently killed in her paddock by a ferocious boar, that lacerated her abdomen with his tusks, from which she died about two weeks since, and proved a great loss to her owner, Mr. Bryan Hurst, of Fayette County, Ky. This mare was not only a noted premium mare, both as a brood mare and in harness, but was the dam of several fine and fast colts. Her first produce was the mare Belle Brasfield, by Viley's Cripple. This mare has a record of about 2:38, but, owing to her thoroughbred sire, is a little too high-mettled for a reliable trotting mare. She was also the dam of Proteus, by Blackwood, who, at three years old, showed a mile on Col. West's track in 2:38, and was in foal at the time with a "catch colt." She is also the dam of the filly that trotted at the late meeting at Lexington, in the two-year old class, as Blazeface, although it is said her name is Belle Patchen. She won the second and third heats and race; time 2:41, 2:42. This filly was by Mambrino Patchen, to whom her dam has been bred for several years. Her last produce was by Administrator, and was bred by Col. Stevens, he paying \$500 and a free season for her at training, as per contract made at the time of breeding. This filly trotted, when about six months old, led by the side of a horse, a half mile in 1:50, or at the rate of 8:40 for a mile, which is said to be five and a half seconds faster than any weaning ever trotted in the State. She won the second premium at Col. Stevens' prize exhibition for weanlings by Administrator, and was only beaten by the little trotting wonder Momento, dam Keptakes, by Alexander's Abdallah; second dam by Stockbridge Chief. Sally Chorister, at the time of her death, was again in foal to Administrator, which was an additional loss to Mr. Hurst, as her produce was again contracted for by Col. Stevens at \$500 and a free season.

A HORSE THAT CAN TALK.

There is a retired trainer, named Long (see the San Francisco News Letter), re-

a horse, yet it was a patent impossibility for a horse to understand the English language, he replied: "Living, eating, and sleeping with my horses has given me the knowledge I possess, and the same intimacy has acquired for my horses the powers I claim for them." Here, turning to a slender, light-built gray pony, he said, "Billy was talking of you; if you understand what I am saying, turn your head round on the off side." The pony did so, and then resumed its feed. "Bill," he continued, "told me your age, how long you have lived here, and on which side of you is your friend Vesta?" The pony whinnied for about two minutes consecutively, and then, being loose in its stall walked into the adjoining one occupied by the mare Vesta. "Now," he continued, "do you and Billy walk down to the trough and drink while I make up your beds." Vesta and Billy walked quietly out, and proceeded to the trough. While they were out, Mr. L. turned over the straw carefully with a fork, and carried on an animated conversation with a roan gelding, about fifteen hands high, Vesta's neighbor on the other side. The name of the horse was Poley, and after talking angrily to him for some minutes about some fault he had committed the day before, he ordered Mr. Poley to lie down and not get up until after Vesta and Billy had returned. Our informant saw but little in this to prove Mr. L.'s claims, as many a horse will lie down at the word of command; but when, without a further word, Poley arose and walked out to the water-trough after the return of the other two horses, the subject became as difficult of solution as before.

CURES FOR CANKER AND MANGE.

Mr. J. Cutler, of Ashtabula, Ohio, gives us the following receipts, which we would suggest to our reader to try and report upon:

For canker in the year wash the ears out with warm water and Castile soap; take some common corn starch and burn it brown on the top of the stove; then pulverize it to powder and dust it in the ears while warm, twice a day. In four or five days it will effect a cure, and the dog can be hunted every day while being treated.

For catarrh in the eye take a common slate pencil, one that is soft and makes a dust; then drop some honey in the dust, and drop one or two drops in the eye twice a day, morning and night, and in a very short time the white scum will be eaten off the eye. Twice a day, morning and night, I cured a dog three weeks blind in one week.

For the mange, take one-half pint of whiskey, put two drachms of nitrate of silver in the whiskey; wash the sores with warm water and Castile soap; then take a sponge and wash the sores with the liquor; be careful not to get it on the hands, as it will stain anything it touches; the mange I speak of shows itself in running sores.

A CHAMPION BETTER.

The following story is going around in French military circles. An officer, Verdier, was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet. None of his comrades could boast of ever having been victorious, and at last no one cared to enter a bet with him. One day Verdier was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him. After a supper tendered him by his new comrades on the evening of his arrival, and when the champagne made its appearance, General B. called out: "Is it really true, Verdier, that you win every bet?"

"So it is, General."

"But how the deuce do you do it?"

"Oh, very simple. I am a physiognomist, and bet only when I am quite sure."

"You are a physiognomist. Well, then, what, for instance, can you read now in my face?"

"I can see," said Verdier, promptly, "that your old sore on the upper and back part of your leg is broken out again."

"Nonsense," thundered the General, "I never had a wound there."

"I beg pardon, my General, but—"

"No but! I assure you, sir."

"Perhaps you do not like me to speak of it—perhaps a duel—"

"La diable! you won't believe me. What will you bet?"

"Anything you like, General."

"Five hundred francs."

"All right, five hundred francs."

"The gentlemen present are witnesses." With these words the general at once proceeded to divest himself, sans gêne, of a Suarrow, of his pantaloons, and a scrutinous inspection by all present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound by sword or ball.

"You lost the bet, Verdier!" shouted the general, packing himself up again.

"I have lost indeed, this once. Men may err sometimes. Here are your 500

Pedestrianism.

THE CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN.

DANIEL O'LEARY'S GREAT WALK AT LIVERPOOL—HE COVERS 602 MILES IN LESS THAN SIX DAYS.

Mr. Daniel O'Leary, who undertook to walk upward of 600 miles in six days, has not only succeeded in accomplishing the task, but has achieved the still greater triumph of covering 602 miles in fourteen minutes less than the time he allowed himself. This is, perhaps, the most wonderful feat that has ever been chronicled in the history of pedestrianism, and it is doubly remarkable from the fact that it completely eclipses Mr. E. D. Weston's famous walk on a recent occasion, when, it may be remembered, that pedestrian was successful in "doing" 500 miles in six days. Mr. Sam Hague bet O'Leary £100 that he would not cover more than 500 miles and 48 yards within six days, which was the feat performed by Mr. Weston. O'Leary commenced to walk at the Park Skating Rink, Admiral street, at 12:37 on Monday morning last, and particulars have been given in our columns from day to day as to the progress the pedestrian was making in his formidable undertaking. An interest beyond the limits of the pedestrian circle had during the week been taken in the event; and as O'Leary neared the termination of his task that interest gradually deepened and intensified, till it culminated, on Saturday night, in a public demonstration of the greatest excitement and enthusiasm. O'Leary retired to rest at 12:50 on Saturday morning, at which time he had finished his 427th mile. He re-appeared on the track at 8:30 a.m., and walked on till 9:08, when he retired for about an hour and a quarter. From that time to the close he only rested a few minutes at intervals. His quickest mile on Saturday was his four hundred and third, which he walked in eleven minutes and fifty-one seconds. At 11:04-36 o'clock he had accomplished five hundred miles and seven laps, but he continued on the track till 11:36, by which time he had accomplished the extraordinary distance of five hundred and two miles. O'Leary has thus beaten Weston's walk by a mile and a half and fourteen minutes to spare, his time not expiring till 11:50 on Saturday night.

During the day there was a numerous attendance of people, the great majority of whom seemed to be Irishmen who had come to pay their respects to Mr. O'Leary, who is a native of the Emerald Isle. As the evening advanced, however, the concourse of spectators gradually increased, till between ten and eleven o'clock the enclosure was crowded to such a degree that it was almost a matter of impossibility for one to budge from the spot where he located himself. Indeed, so closely packed was the interior of the rink about eleven o'clock that orders were given to the doorkeeper not to admit another individual. Immediately after O'Leary retired at 11:36, Mr. Sam Hague entered the judges' box and briefly addressed the over-enthusiastic assembly. It was with considerable difficulty that he could make his voice heard above the cheering and buzz of excitement, but when some degree of quietness had been secured, he intimated that O'Leary had accomplished the task which he had undertaken. "Mr. O'Leary (Mr. Hague continued), is too much exhausted to address you; but he desires me to thank you all for the kindness which has been shown to him during the week; and for the fair play he has received. O'Leary is open to challenge any man in the world to walk 500 miles for £5,000."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A FREEDMAN NAILED BY A BEAR.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 25, 1876.

Editor CHICAGO FIELD:—We have all heard bear stories, but the following facts are as true as they are novel. Mr. Simpson living at Robertsonville, about 150 miles below Memphis, like other planters living in the same section, is greatly troubled with bears depredating on his pig pens and cornfields. To assist in ridding himself of these pests he purchased two huge steel traps and gave them to the freedmen to set in the edge of the cornfield. It is a well-known fact that bears will cross at or near the same spot in entering and coming out of cornfields for a long time if not disturbed. With a little observation it is easy to locate their place of entering and exit. Mr. Simpson gave the freedmen instructions to "locate" and set the traps. If successful advise him when the bear was caught. In a few days after the traps were set a freedman came and told Mr. Simpson one of the traps had "kitched" a bear. Mr. Simpson being busy at the time, told the man to wait a few minutes and he would go with him and shoot the bear. The freedman thinking this a good opportunity to kill his bear, as he was fast in the trap, shouldered his musket and started for the trap and bear. Mr. Simpson, through with his duties, started with his double barrel gun in the direction of the traps. When near the field he heard the report of a gun, and walked in the direction of the shot. He had proceeded but a short distance when he heard cries and yells of the freedman for help. Hastening toward the freedman he came in sight of the bear and freedman in deadly combat. He was trying to get an opportunity to shoot as he advanced, when he was horrified to find himself a prisoner and spectator to a mortal combat. He had stepped into the other trap and was unable to render any assistance except encourage the brave man, and direct him how best he could defend himself. By a herculean effort the freedman released himself from the bear and ran to Mr. Simpson for life, closely pursued by the

Poetry.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that stately meeky by.
With thy proudly arched and glossy mane, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again. The day is o'er,
My Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient heart, that restless the breezy wind,
The further that thou fleest now, so far am I behind.
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master hath his geld;
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell! thou art sold, my steed, thou art sold.

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam.
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care!

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark dark eye will grow less proud, thy steps become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought; but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, so easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free;
And yet, if haply, when thou art gone, my lovely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which caresses thee from it now, command thee to return?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou hast borne me on;
And sitting down by some green well, I will muse and sadly think,
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw him drink.

When last I saw thee drink—Away, the fever'd dream is o'er,
I could not live a day and know that we should meet no more.
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! But I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.

A WONDERFUL STEAM YACHT.

The steam yacht built for the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild, which has just completed an experimental trial on the Lake of Geneva, must be a marvel of naval architecture. Only 91 feet long and 13 feet broad, she runs 23 English miles straight on end, at an average rate of 23.83 statute miles per hour, under by no means exceptionally favorable circumstances. The firm by which this vessel was constructed had previously built another—the "Sir Arthur Cotton"—for the Indian Government, which performed equally well on her trial trip, so that the wonderful speed attained cannot be regarded as a lucky accident of construction. Some of the great Atlantic steamers are, we believe, capable of steaming at the same pace, and the Royal yachts are known to be very speedy. But they are of large size compared with the tiny craft turned out by Messrs. Thornycroft, and it is this difference which gives something of national importance to the performance of the Gitauna, Baroness de Rothschild's new yacht.

As despatch boats, their services in time of war might prove almost invaluable, while it might, perhaps, be possible, by some modification of their lines, to render them capable of carrying guns. In this latter event, a fleet of such midge-like craft would drive from the sea the maritime commerce of a hostile nation, leaving our larger vessels of war to look after more important matters. Even in regard to the ordinary passenger traffic in British water, the success of the Gitauna deserves attention. By being equally fine lines, and with machinery proportionate to increased size, it would be possible to turn out steamers far surer, and speed most of those now employed in the Channel and on the Thames. England's too long remained content with her past achievements in constructing swift boats, and we, therefore, trust that